

## [Not much of a day for walking]

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"Not much of a day for walking," says Mr. MacCurrie. He has just come in from his constitutional and is holding his hands over the friendly warmth of the radiator. "Too dom slippery in spots," he says In the back of his mind lurks the fear of a fall which may [?] injure the leg he broke several years ago, [?] and which [?] has never regained normal flexibility. Mr. MacCurrie removes coat and rubbers and draws his chair close to the radiator.

"I got a paper from the old country the other [?] day. It seems we've been gettin' the wrong idea over here about the war scare. The papers here say the people of Great Britain are all doon on Chamberlain for what he did at Munich. But this paper kind of stuck up for him.

"Dommed if I don't think he was right, too. Why should they send over a lot of young [?] fellas to get killed on accoont of them crazy German [?] bahstards. They ain't ready for 'em yet, that's the trouble. They might have to stop them some day, but they ain't ready for 'em yet. Hitler got the jump on them all. He's 'way ahead of the rest of them with his war machine and they know it. Chamberlain did the only thing he could.

"What good would it do to hold oot on them? After it had been all settled them people in the [?] Sudeten country would commence hollerin' all over again to go back with Germany.

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"Of coorse, [?] mind you, I don't think Hitler should get his own way every time. But there's no use tryin' to take him on before they're ready for him.

"Some people'll tell you that this [?] trouble all came on because they were too harsh with the Germans at the end of the last war. But I can't see it that way. The way I look at it, they let 'em off too 2 easy. They should have gone right in there and split the goddom country up and ground 'em doon when they had the chance. Then they wouldn't be up against them today.

"You know it's a funny thing aboot them Germans—I was readin' a piece aboot them the other day—this fella claimed they don't reason like other people. He said Hitler was [?] typical of the whole dom country. He said they all think alike with the exception of a small minority. When Hitler talks, he speaks the mind of the whole German people. That's why he's got the power. They wouldn't have to stand for him. But there's something in the mind of a German that [?] makes him like to be ordered—or even kicked around—by somebody over him. They have [?] a talent for takin' orders."

Mr. MacCurrie pauses to refresh himself from the omnipresent snuffbox.

"They'll never learn," he continues. "The ones that were in the last war got a belly full of it. They don't want another war. But the young ones comin' along. They're trained for war almost from the [?] cradle.

"Look at that army of kids—four or five years old—Mussolini's got organized. It's a goddom shame. But with all the trainin' he gives 'em the [?] Eyetalians are still [?] rotten soldiers. They run away every chance they get. Maybe they're smarter than the Germans at that.

"Of coorse all the English papers don't favor Chamberlain. They talk aboot censorship, but some of them say what they dom please. One of the big ones is the Manchester Guardian. That paper usually speaks oot on the big issues. The [?] London Times is more conservative, that's supposed to be the official government paper, but they print letters

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from the people. It's great for printin' letters. 3 Mr. MacCurrie is silent for a time, apparently [?] finished with his subject and considering another. At last he says:

"I see they laid off the fellas over 65 years old on the WPA. They're supposed to be eligible for the old age pension. That's all right for some of them, but what about a mon like Harry Wakeley? He's got kids too young to work. How's he goin' to get along [?] on the old age pension? [?] The government has got a lot of r ticklish problems. You're goin' to see fireworks in this session of Congress.

"They ought to make them pensions higher. They give me six dollars a week. I get a dollar [?] for spendin' money. I don't give a dom myself, I wouldn't get any more anyway, but it's my landlady that suffers. She ought to get more. Why, the town pays seven dollars a week to people that take care of the poor. Some of them fellas that can't work, they board around, and the town pays seven dollars a week for their keep.

"They laid off some of the lads on the WPA durin' that last layoff [?] was supposed to be drinkers. I guess some of them were. But when they went up to the Selectman for relief, he said he was goin' to have them all sent up to [?] some county poor house. Said they were goin' to take all them fellas from all over the county and put 'em [??] away like that. By God, I don't think they can do it. They can put 'em in Norwich, but they've got to prove they're inebriates, first. "

Mr. Norton, who works in Plume [?] and Atwood's, stops in for a glance at the paper as has been his custom for the past week. Mr. MacCurrie glances at the clock. "After four o'clock already," he remarks. If he is disappointed at having missed first chance at the paper he conceals it like [??] a gentleman. [?] Mr. Norton retires to a chair in the far corner, [???] 4 "One of the landlady's kids came home from school the other day," [?] says Mr. MacCurrie. "Said the school nurse told her she [?] ought to have her tonsils oot. I said it was all goddom foolishness. The kid never had a sore throat in her life. [?] Why the hell

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should she have the tonsils oot? What's the use of makin' a poor little kid suffer for nothin'? Those school nurses don't always know what they're talkin' about. They're not [?] doctors.

"A few years ago, it was all appendicitis. If you got a pain in the belly, right [?] away they wanted to take oot your appendix. Now it's the tonsils. "

George Canfield enters the side door. Apparently in a hurry, b and [?] bent on taking a shower, he passes on the other side of the huge ladder truck, sees neither Mr. MacCurrie nor me, but pauses [?] briefly to talk to Mr. Norton.

"The shower still working here?" he says.

"Guess so," says Mr. Norton, looking up [?] vaguely from the newspaper. Mr. Canfield looks out the window which faces toward the rear of the town hall building, where men [?] are at work unloading supplies.

"More stuff for the WPA workers," remarks Mr. Canfield. "Them fellas are better off than you are workin' in the shop, Norton, They get a week's pay, and their grub besides."

"Yeah," says Mr. Norton. He glances out the window, returns to his paper, while Mr. Canfield enters the shower room. Mr. MacCurrie [??] chuckles [?] appreciatively.

"Of coorse some of it ain't so good," he says. "Though it's better now than it used to be. They never used to take good care of it, they [?] didn't know how to handle it. Let it stay in one place too long. But it's better these days they say. Much better."